

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



IN THE CHURCHYARD.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

A TALE OF THE COVENANTERS.

CHAPTER I.

In a deeply-wooded glen not far from the Falls of the Clyde an ancient Scottish mansion stands nodding to decay. Around its ruined porch hang clusters of luxuriant ivy, and winter's fierce blasts, finding easy ingress through its shattered casements, howl a sad requiem along deserted passages and tenantless apartments. Among the long dank grass of the neglected garden a mutilated sun-dial recalls the beholder's

thoughts to the rapid flight of time, while the old-fashioned iron gate by which it is approached lies broken on the ground. The past is everywhere inscribed; and with that past our story is connected.

It is a soft balmy morning in spring. Trees are putting forth their buds; rivulets, freed from winter's icy grasp, ripple along, their surface sparkling 'neath the sun's reviving beams, and the velvet green-sward is gaily chequered with modest wild-flowers.

In the glen a boy and girl are straying hand in hand. Sorrow rests upon their fair young foreheads, and tears dim their eyes. Nature's glad anthem stirs no kindred

emotions in their throbbing bosoms; their hearts are full of heaviness. On the morrow they will be separated; Richard goes to England to attend school, and Harriet remains behind at Lindenvale. Overwhelmed with sorrow, she clings to her beloved brother, a world of tenderness beaming in her mild blue eyes. Primroses are blooming around. She stoops and gathers some.

"Richard"—there is a tremble in her voice—"keep these flowers in remembrance of this our last walk in the lovely glen of Lindenvale; when far away, they will serve to remind you of me." She places them in his hand. The boy embraces her fondly, and they mingle their tears together. The dreaded morrow arrived, and at its close Harriet, kneeling by her widowed mother's knee, prayed, in a voice broken with sobs, for an absent brother.

Some years have passed away, and sister and brother are again united. Once more they are wandering in the glen, as in days of yore, with their arms lovingly entwined around each other's waists. Richard is now a stately handsome youth, and Harriet blooming into womanhood. Bright and bold as the eagle's is the glance of his hazel eye, and nobly intellectual the forehead around which his dark hair curls closely; while her blue eyes are of melting softness, and golden the locks shading her lovely countenance. They are clad in mourning, and their voices sound sad and low. But few months have elapsed since their mother was laid in the grave; they are orphans, and sole representatives of the ancient and honourable family of the Hamiltons of Lindenvale.

It was late in the month of October; the trees overshadowing their heads were tinged with gold, dark clouds obscured the sky, and the wind rushed meaning through the glen. The sad beauty of the autumnal season harmonised well with the melancholy character of their conversation; for they spoke of the portentous gloom enveloping Scotland, and the noble struggles of her sons to preserve their spiritual freedom. The youth's dark eyes gleamed fiercely as he detailed several scenes he had witnessed in Lanark of cruel oppression, and the maiden's were dim with tears while she listened to his touching narrations. They were encountered in their walk by Mr. Weir, the parish minister, an aged man of pleasing and venerable aspect. His countenance was troubled, his greeting gentle and sorrowful.

"My dear children," he said, clasping their hands in his, "the long dreaded hour has come: in a few days my little flock will be without a shepherd."

Brother and sister gazed in his face with anxious inquiring looks.

"Yea," he went on, "fearful times are approaching; the bulwarks of our Zion are assailed by the shafts of the ungodly; the habitations of the righteous are laid waste, and the voice of mourning resounds through the length and breadth of the land. Even this secluded corner of the Lord's vineyard will soon be immersed in sudden and terrible darkness. Next Sunday, my children, you may, for the last time, hearken to Divine truths within the church of Lindenvale."

Overcome with sorrow, the aged minister bowed his head on his hands, while they were silent.

At length the maiden spoke: "Sad is the news you bring us; but be not discouraged, my dear, kind pastor. As you often have told us, 'weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' The dark cloud at present overshadowing our land will soon give place to glorious brightness. Be comforted, my friend; that strength vouchsafed me when deprived of the best of

mothers will not be withheld from an ambassador of Christ when torn from his flock; and, although no longer with us, your pious exhortations will be gratefully remembered, and the good seed sown in this place will take root among us, bearing fruit unto life eternal."

With eyes full of pitying tenderness, she thus brought him to be comforted. Then the aged minister blessed the youthful pair, whom he loved as a father loves his children, and they pursued their way, solacing one another with hopes of better and brighter days.

The eventful Sabbath dawned. A hallowed peace rested on the face of nature; no fitful breeze disturbed the gentle calm, and a silver haze rested lazily on the distant hills. As the hour for Divine service drew near, crowds of peasantry thronged the different paths leading to the house of God. It was a deeply impressive sight to witness the various picturesque groups wending their way amongst the hills. Here might be seen an aged dame, her feeble steps supported by a stalwart youth; yonder a husband and wife walked lovingly side by side, while in advance of them a troop of children tripped gaily along. Manhood and infancy, youth and age met together in the peaceful churchyard where reposed the dust of bygone generations. As the bell sent forth its solemn invitation to enter the sacred courts, the faces of the elder portion became clouded with sorrow, and the voices of the more youthful were hushed into silence. As the bell ceased, forth from the manse issued their pastor, leaning on the arm of Richard Hamilton. His cheeks were pale, yet serenity sat on his time-furrowed forehead; the peace of God reigned in his heart, and he felt in charity with all men. Exchanging affectionate greetings with those standing nearest him, he entered the church, ascended into the pulpit, and the congregation took their places. After prayer and praise had been offered up, he opened the Bible, and gave forth for his text the words, "We wept when we remembered Zion." In simple yet touching language, he pictured to his hearers the dreadful punishments incurred by God's rebellious children, and their sufferings in the place of their captivity; their departure from the land of their birth; their grief on leaving those sacred plains, hallowed through association with the time when God dwelt amid his people. Feelingly he described the anguish of their souls, as, following the triumphal car of their exulting captors, they turned their tearful eyes back on Jerusalem, that glorious city, remembrance of which caused their hearts to burn within them, when their spoilers, deriding their grief, said, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." He painted their desolation, as, seated by the waters of Babylon, with harps suspended on the trees, they wept, and conversed of their beloved land.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" was the impassioned cry of each sorrowing captive. "If I do not remember thee, let the tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Mr. Weir then proceeded to draw a touching comparison between the grief of the Jews when torn from Jerusalem, and that of the ministers now being expelled from the churches where for years they had preached the glad tidings of salvation.

"O my brethren," he exclaimed, with passionate earnestness, "this day is the glorious light of religious freedom extinguished in Scotland; those pure and enlightened doctrines in support of which our fathers suffered martyrdom are impugned by the mighty in the land, and we, your faithful pastors, preferring poverty, imprisonment, nay, death itself, rather than sacrifice our spiritual rights, are driven forth from our Zion."

"Lamentations, bitter as those which ascended from the captive Jews, at this moment resound through the south and west of Scotland. Hundreds of Christ's ambassadors are this day bidding farewell to their congregations; and the wail of a people hungering after the bread of life ascends on high. Even as the Israelites wept sad tears at the remembrance of their beautiful City, so these persecuted servants of Christ mourn with affectionate earnestness over the flocks deprived of their watchful care—over their 'Zion,' so soon to be desolate—and the hiding of that pure gospel light set forth for our guidance by the uncompromising fathers of the Reformation. O my friends, what anguish fills my heart while thus addressing you for the last time! To-day I am constrained to abandon you—to quit the manse I fondly hoped to occupy until death beckoned me away to sleep amongst the little flock I instructed when living. What harassing doubts and fears overwhelm my soul in this sorrowful moment. Forty years have I laboured in this parish, sharing alike your joy and sorrow, going in and out amongst you, at once your pastor and friend; but my heart sinks within me when I remember golden opportunities lost, precious time devoted to worldly pursuits and conversation, when the eternal welfare of your souls hung trembling in the balance. I now mourn the inefficacy of my preaching, fearing it has failed in carrying the arrow of conviction to some unrepenting sinner's heart; that there may be amongst you some erring brother unreclaimed, and wandering sheep not yet brought back to the shepherd's fold—these are the agonising thoughts which serve to embitter the parting hour."

"Brethren, you weep, but it is part of my mission to comfort you. 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people,' saith the Lord; tell them the hand which guided their steps from infancy to manhood is ready to guide them still; that he, the great, the mighty Jehovah will arise and extend his protecting arm over our Zion, for it grieveth him to see her desolation and the anguish of his persecuted people. Be comforted, then, my children, let us remember, with thankful hearts, the many precious hours we have been permitted to spend within this holy tabernacle; the sweet assurances afforded us of God's abundant favour on those more sacred days when I dispensed among you the bread of life. Remembrance of those hallowed occasions draws tears from mine eyes; yea, I weep when I think on the ancient peace which reigned within the walls of our Zion. How awful the gloom that has superseded the former brightness! Yet, amidst the surrounding darkness, the day-star from on high shall visit us. God will build up the broken walls of Jerusalem; he will extend mercy towards his afflicted Israel, and cause Judah to rejoice with thanksgiving."

He ceased, and from all parts of the church there arose bursts of sorrow, terrible in its earnestness and passionate intensity. Men, women, and children wept aloud at the thought of losing their venerated minister; and many quitted the church hastily, unwilling to violate the sanctity of God's house by giving utterance to those expressions of wrathful defiance hovering on their lips.

The service ended, Mr. Weir descended from the pulpit amid showers of blessings and expressions of undying attachment. The congregation crowded around as he strove to make his way to the vestry, and besought him not to resign his charge, and they would protect him to the last. To all their entreaties he made answer—"Have faith in God, and he will raise you up another and more worthy shepherd."

On the opening of the doors, the churchyard was discovered to be full of soldiers. At this terrible sight the women drew back affrighted, while their dauntless companions grasped their stout oaken sticks, and gazed on the soldiery with stern brows. Agreeably to the commands of their officer, a handsome and haughty-looking young man, the royalists proceeded to question various members of the congregation, in order to discover whether they had been attending their proper church—a heavy fine being the penalty incurred by those found guilty of absenting themselves from the place of worship situated in the parish in which they resided. In the midst of the altercation arising from the soldiers' rudeness, Richard Hamilton made his appearance. A red spot burned on either cheek, and his eyes gleamed with irrepressible anger. Excited by his pastor's moving discourse, he was anxious to testify his zeal against their common enemies, and the sight of the red-coats inflamed his impetuous nature to the highest degree.

"What means this intrusion?" he demanded of the soldier standing nearest him.

"That question must be addressed to me," said the commanding officer, in a haughty tone, at the same time touching the hilt of his sword significantly. Young Hamilton eyed him disdainfully, and repeated his former inquiry in a more exalted tone of voice, adding, with stern emphasis, "Armed as thou art, Walter Nisbett, shouldst thou dare offend me by swaggering speech or taunting jest, I will make you rue it."

"You were always a bully, Richard Hamilton," sneered the officer; "even when at school words were ever more plentiful with you than blows. But I despise your idle threats, and desire you not to interfere with my soldiers while in the discharge of their duty, else I shall have the pleasure of conveying you to Lanark gaol, where you will have leisure to curb your somewhat fiery temper."

"This insolence to me!" shouted young Hamilton. Carried away by his passion, he rushed towards the officer, who thereupon stepped back and drew his sword, apparently forgetting his opponent was unarmed.

At this instant a maiden's arm was passed round Richard Hamilton's neck, and an anguished voice exclaimed, "Brother, brother, what would you do?" Recalled by these few and simple words to a sense of his folly, young Hamilton paused midway in his course, and looked confused, while his antagonist sheathed his weapon, and gazed earnestly at the beautiful vision confronting him. Her golden locks dishevelled, her eyes tearful and entreating, and her usually pale cheeks flushed with excitement, Harriet Hamilton at that moment appeared possessed of almost unearthly loveliness; and Captain Nisbett felt that never could he have imagined earth contained so perfect a creature. His ardent admiring gaze caused a deep blush to suffuse her cheek. In no small confusion she withdrew the arm which clasped her brother's neck, and brought the hood of her mantle more closely around her face. Young Hamilton observed the officer's apparent admiration of his sister with annoyance, and haughtily demanded whether his presence were necessary on this occasion. Captain Nisbett replied courteously in the negative, and, bowing low to Miss Hamilton, expressed his regret at having alarmed her by his unnecessary display of violence, ending by assuring her that no harm was intended to the peasantry, who would be at perfect liberty to return home after having furnished his men with their names. Too much agitated to frame any suitable answer, Miss Hamilton

merely bowed her head in token of thanks, and slowly withdrew from the churchyard, supported on her brother's arm.

CHAPTER II.

THREE months after this occurrence, Harriet Hamilton was walking in the glen, apparently wrapt in deep thought. Her brother having quitted home a week previously, to visit some friends in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, she was alone at Lindenvale. Winter's chilly winds had stripped the trees of their leafy covering, and the ground was white with snow. Sadly she pursued her solitary ramble, pausing frequently to listen to the silvery sound of a distant cascade. While musing thus, to her surprise she perceived a man making his way down amongst the rocks on the opposite side of the stream traversing the glen.

There was something in the stranger's bearing that forcibly arrested her attention, and she stood spell-bound watching his movements, with anxiety depicted on her countenance. Arrived at the foot of the cliffs, with a single bound he cleared the intervening space, and, dropping the cloak which enveloped his tall figure, disclosed to view the features of Captain Nisbett. Harriet made a movement to depart, but, with entreating gestures, he placed himself directly in her path.

"Is this generous conduct on your part, Captain Nisbett?" she said in faltering tones. "You promised me at our last interview never again to intrude upon my privacy; is it thus you keep your promise? My brother would be furious did he know——"

"But he is absent," pleaded the officer.

"And you have taken advantage of his absence to renew your visits," she replied, indignantly. Young Nisbett clasped his hands together, as though deprecating her anger. She went on: "Why will you continue to nourish sentiments I must not respond to. Richard would never forgive me were he aware we had renewed our childish intimacy. After quitting the churchyard that dreadful Sunday, he inquired if I remembered you; on my replying in the affirmative, he bade me on no pretext whatever admit you to my friendship. He is a tender loving brother, but fiery and impetuous in his nature; and were he ever to discover our meetings in this glen, the consequences would be dreadful to one or both of us."

"We met accidentally, Harriet!"

"At first we did; I yielded foolishly, however, to your entreaties to repeat that interview, and since then have known but little happiness. Deception is foreign to my nature, and I am deceiving the dearest and most unsuspicious of brothers. Go, then—leave me."

"Your brother," he replied, impatiently, "has never forgotten our boyish differences at school, and is prejudiced against me on account of my embracing opinions at variance with his own. That unfortunate occurrence in the churchyard has augmented his bitter feelings; and he is not one to forget an injury."

"But you were the first to commence fresh hostilities," said Harriet, sorrowfully. The officer coloured, and bit his lip.

"I must own," he replied, after a pause, "that Richard's overbearing conduct towards me at school was not calculated to leave a pleasing impression on my mind; therefore angry feelings swelled high in my breast, and I accosted him somewhat disdainfully. Ah! that I had seen you sooner!" he added, in impassioned tones, "and I should not so far have forgotten myself."

"I never for one moment imagined you could have remembered me," she said, with a half sigh.

"Nor did I at first," he replied. "In the emotion

caused by your sudden appearance I forgot aught else; but, after your departure, my thoughts flew back to a much-loved, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little maiden, named Hamilton, who shared my pastimes when I lived with my uncle at his gloomy old residence, the Tower of Hallbar; the Harriet of my childish days."

A pensive smile flitted across the maiden's lovely countenance; she remained for some moments silent, looking on the ground, while her lover gazed, with a look of anxiety mingled with admiration, on her down-cast eyes.

"Walter," she said at length, "do not prolong our parting, for part we must. At our last meeting I confessed you were not indifferent to me, but the words uttered then I again repeat—'Seek not to weaken my resolution never to marry without my brother's consent, and come not nigh this glen lest evil ensue. We embrace different opinions; a gulf yawns between us—dark and unfathomable as the future—therefore, 'twere far better to separate, and that for ever.'"

"Harriet," said young Nisbett, mournfully, "do you hate me for taking part against the Whigs?"

"No," she sighed: "hatred dwells not in my breast; but, regarding you as I do, it grieves me to see you consort with those who have been guilty of such cruelty towards the poor Presbyterians. You, I am persuaded," she added hastily, seeing the red blood mantle on her lover's cheek, "will never commit deeds calculated to render your name infamous; but, oh, you will be called upon to execute orders that must be distasteful to your nature, for you possess a feeling heart; and the persecution of a pious, simple peasantry, whose only crime consists in their adherence to their sacred principles, cannot reflect honour on those engaging in such inglorious warfare."

Her lover drew himself up to his full height, and, gazing full on her mild blue eyes, replied proudly, "Harriet, I am an officer, and, as such, owe allegiance to the monarch whose cloth I wear. In the service of his ancestors mine fought and died. At the battle of Sauchieburn a Nisbett fell covered with honour, fighting by the side of James III; while two of the same name shared the fate of their king on Flodden's fatal plain. From the hand of Charles I my father received the honour of knighthood within the Palace of Holyrood as a reward for his devotion to the Stuart line; in obedience to his wishes, I embraced the dangerous profession of a soldier; and my sword will fly from its scabbard when my monarch bids me unsheath it against his enemies. But never will I be guilty of aught calculated to bring disgrace on the hitherto unsullied name of Nisbett, whose ancient glory 'I hope to share.'"

"Is it by fining and imprisoning those who prefer resigning their little all rather than stain their souls with perjury, and in thrusting forth from their churches pious men devoted to the cause of religion, that you hope to win renown?" said the maiden, scornfully.

"No, Harriet; it is through unblemished loyalty to my sovereign, whose martyred father testified such reliance on the fealty of mine, and the bearing a spotless sword."

The maiden replied: "The dissolute king at present occupying the British throne deserves not such devotion as that of which you deem him worthy. A loved and respected monarch should be one who has the welfare of the meanest of his subjects at heart; he should be a merciful judge, and not, like Charles, given to favour court minions such as the avaricious Middleton and the crafty Lauderdale—men who, for the gratification of

* The motto of the Nisbetts.

their own selfish passions, are ready to sacrifice all, even to their hopes of salvation."

Captain Nisbett was about to speak, when the sound of horses' feet was heard in the avenue.

"Away! away!" cried Harriet, in dismay: "it is Richard returning—I know his furious pace."

"But one word," said young Nisbett, detaining her. "I came hither partly to warn you that Richard Hamilton will soon be a marked man. Government have their eyes on every person hostile to their measures, and your brother ranks amongst his friends several who have incurred suspicion; let him beware lest he be implicated in their designs, and share their inevitable fate."

The next instant Captain Nisbett was rapidly ascending the cliffs, while Harriet Hamilton ran, with a beating heart, to welcome her brother.

CHAPTER III.

IN consequence of the Act passed at Glasgow in the year 1662, four hundred ministers were constrained to abandon the scenes of their ministry; many were prohibited from setting foot within the bounds of their parishes, while others were obliged to remove to districts north of the Tay. The churches and parsonages thus rendered vacant were generally filled by men bearing the most worthless characters, being thoroughly destitute of religion and morality, and more ignorant than most part of the Scottish peasantry. Bishop Burnet thus describes the curates appointed to officiate in those parishes whose inhabitants were deprived of their pastors: "There was a sort of invitation sent over the kingdom, like a hue and cry, to all persons to accept of benefices in the west. The livings were generally well endowed, and the parsonage-houses were well built and in good repair. And this drew many worthless persons thither, who had little learning, less piety, and no sort of discretion. The new incumbents who were put in place of the ejected preachers were generally very mean and despicable in all respects. They were the worst preachers I ever heard; they were ignorant to a reproach, and many of them were openly vicious. They were a disgrace to their order, and the sacred functions, and indeed were the dregs and refuse of the northern parts. Those of them who rose above contempt or scandal were men of such violent tempers that they were as much hated as the others were despised. The former incumbents, who were for the most part protesters, were a grave, solemn sort of people. Their spirits were eager, and their tempers sour; but they had an appearance that created respect. Many of them were related to the chief families in the country either by blood or marriage, and had lived in so decent a manner that the gentry paid great respect to them. They used to visit their parishes much, and were so full of the Scriptures, and so ready at extempore prayer, that from that they grew to practical extempore preaching. They had brought the people to such a state of knowledge that cottagers and servants would have prayed extempore. By these means they had a comprehension of matters of religion greater than I have seen among people of that sort anywhere. As they (the ministers) lived in great familiarity with their people, and used to pray and talk oft with them in private, so it can hardly be imagined to what a degree they were loved and revered by them."

The curate appointed to the charge of Lindenvale parish was one of the lowest of his class. Ungainly almost to deformity in his outward appearance, he was coarse in mind, and in every respect unqualified for the sacred office of a Christian minister. The well-informed

and serious congregation over whom he was deemed worthy to preside were early disgusted with his irreverent mode of procedure, and took no pains to conceal their dislike towards him. But few attended his church, the simple, pious teaching of good old Mr. Weir having unfitted them for listening to the strange, new-fangled doctrines he strove to instil into their minds. Curate Philips was not slow to perceive the low estimation in which he was held, and, being a man of violent, revengeful passions, determined to make the peasantry suffer for their contumacy in refusing to attend his ministrations. Towards young Hamilton his feelings were peculiarly hostile. The indignant refusal of the high-spirited young man to regard him in any other light than that of a wretched hireling, a spy of those in power, as well as his contemptuous rejection of the addresses he had the audacity to force upon his beautiful sister, wounded the curate to the quick; and he inly resolved to wreak his vengeance upon both, when a fitting opportunity presented itself. Nor had he long to tarry. At a meeting of Parliament, held in Edinburgh on the 18th of June, 1663, an Act was passed with a view of preventing people from deserting the curates and following their favourite ministers. The preaching of the ejected clergymen was termed sedition. They were pronounced worthy of severe punishment as turbulent persons; while those convicted of attending their ministrations were to be fined according to the rank and wealth of the offender. The passing of this Act threw the power of speedy retaliation into the hands of the curates. They deputed spies and informers against their parishioners, and at their instigation offending persons were seized, brought before the privy council, and subjected to such punishment as their persecutors chose to inflict. Availing himself of the means thus afforded him for wreaking his vengeance on the Hamiltons, Curate Philips, as directed by the prelates, read aloud from the pulpit a list of those who had disobeyed orders in attending outdoor preaching and churches still held by protesters, thereby pointing them out as fit subjects for punishment. The names of Richard and Harriet Hamilton were amongst the transgressors, they having, when permitted by the weather, attended a meeting presided over by Mr. Weir, in a sequestered valley amidst the hills.

Such was the position of affairs in Scotland at the time of which we write. The banishment of his avaricious rival, Middleton, had thrown the entire management of Scottish affairs into the hands of the subtle Lauderdale; and that wily statesman soon made it apparent that he meditated the destruction of the Presbyterian Church, once so highly esteemed by him. A terrible sense of personal insecurity reigned everywhere, and men's minds were filled with gloomy forebodings respecting the future proceedings of the ruling powers, who seemed determined to crush spiritual freedom beneath the iron heel of oppression.

PERSONNEL OF THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

BY R. H. MAIR, EDITOR OF "DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS."

THE second session of the seventh Parliament of her Majesty Queen Victoria, recently prorogued, will long be memorable as that in which the elective franchise was widely extended. The political considerations involved in this change are beyond our province. Not so, however, the constitution of the House which passed the "Bill to Amend the Representation of the People." An analysis of this yields some results that may interest our readers.

Let us first note what were the places of education of the members. We learn that 169 were at Eton, 81 at Harrow, 32 at Rugby, 29 at Westminster, 18 at Winchester, 11 at Charterhouse, 2 at Merchant Taylors', 1 at St. Paul's School, 19 at Military or Naval Colleges, 7 at King's College School, 4 at University College School, 42 were educated by private tutors, and the remainder at grammar schools or private academies.

At Universities of the United Kingdom 348 graduated, in the following proportions: Oxford 169, Cambridge 124, Dublin 28, Edinburgh 15, London 7, Glasgow 4, and St. Andrew's 1.

Commissions in the army were, or had previously been, held by 113 members, in the navy by 13, in the yeomanry by 65, in the militia by 63, and in the volunteers by 68.

The legal profession was represented by 128 members, 95 of whom had been called to the English bar, 47 at the Inner Temple, 36 at Lincoln's Inn, 9 at the Middle Temple, and 3 at Gray's Inn, 18 to the bar in Ireland, and 6 to the Scottish bar, the remaining 9 being attorneys. Of this number 5 had attained the dignity of the coif (serjeants), and 30 a silk-gown (Queen's Counsel). Of the medical profession, there were 3 members; while literature had no fewer than 81 representatives in the persons of authors or editors.

Public companies had their interests protected by 128 M.P. directors, and the commercial community generally by 35 bankers, 10 brewers, 19 merchants, 9 ironmasters, 9 cotton, linen, or worsted spinners, 5 ship-owners, 3 silk-manufacturers, 3 stock-brokers, 2 corn-merchants, 3 glass-manufacturers, 3 contractors, 2 calico-printers, 3 coal-owners, 2 tea-merchants, 1 brick-maker, 1 under-writer, 1 timber-merchant, 1 paper-maker, 1 agricultural-implement-maker, 1 copper-smelter, 1 hosiery-manufacturer, and 1 auctioneer.

Pursuing our analysis still further, we discover that 53 members are Privy Councillors, 4 are Irish peers, 71 are baronets, 16 of whom have been created; 10 are knights, 16 lord-lieutenants of counties; 38 are heirs apparent to peers, and 9 to baronets; 65 are younger sons of peers, and 15 of baronets; 11 are heirs presumptive to peers, and 2 to baronets; 8 are sons of members; 97 have held or are holding official government positions; 93 have served, or are serving, the office of high-sheriff; 363 are deputy-lieutenants of counties; 491 are justices of the peace. The great majority have been attached only to their present places of representation; but 117 have sat for more than one constituency.

No less than 41 have changed or added to their patronymics.

The oldest member was Sir William Vernon, born 1782, and the youngest Lord Newport, born 1845. We also learn that the ages of the members, excepting only a few of which no public record is found, are as follows. There is one member of each of the following ages: 83, 81, 80, 79, 78, 76, and 22; two each are 75 and 74; three are 73 and 72; four are 77, 71, 28, 26, 25, and 24; six are 69 and 29; eight are 68, 39, and 30; nine are 70, 60, 59, and 33; ten are 66, 36, 34, and 32; eleven are 65, 64, 63, 57, 43, and 31; twelve are 27; thirteen are 67; fourteen are 46 and 40; fifteen are 53 and 44; sixteen are 61, 54, 38, 37, and 35; seventeen are 48; eighteen are 56 and 55; nineteen are 58, 51, and 50; twenty are 45 and 41; twenty-one are 52; twenty-three are 49; twenty-four are 62 and 47; and twenty-seven are 42.

Among other subjects of interest, we find that three of the members, the Hon. A. H. A. Anson, Lord H. H. M. Percy, and Sir C. Russell, are decorated with the Victoria Cross. There are three "members of the Hebrew persuasion," being the first to whom legislative,

municipal, and forensic disabilities were conceded—viz., Baron Rothschild, the first Jew who sat in Parliament, Alderman Salomons, the first Jew who became a member of a borough corporation, and Sir F. H. Goldsmid, the first Jew called to the English bar, and the first who became a Queen's Counsel.

The numbers of merchants who have risen from comparative obscurity to a seat in the Legislature are very great, and afford ample evidence that any person possessing a mind well directed, pursuing an honourable course, and following one pursuit with diligence, may attain a high position in the country. As examples of what industry will achieve, we may mention Sir John Rolt, Attorney-General (now Judge), who commenced life as an office-boy in the establishment of Messrs. Pritchard and Sons, proctors, Doctors' Commons; Alderman Lusk, the present member for Finsbury, whose early years were spent behind a counter; Mr. Gilpin, M.P. for Northampton, who for a long period kept and served in a retail bookseller's shop in Bishopsgate Street; Mr. Rearden, M.P. for Athlone, who even now follows the pursuit of an auctioneer in Piccadilly; and Mr. Duncan MacLaren, member for Edinburgh, who kept a draper's shop in the High Street of that city. To refer to all the instances of humble origin and success achieved would draw too heavily upon our space, and we must needs glance briefly at some members whose services, if not brilliant, have been useful. Under this head we may include Mr. Bazley, M.P. for Manchester, who set an example to employers of labour by initiating the principle of establishing schools, and lecture and reading rooms for the benefit of his work-people, upwards of a thousand in number. Mr. Laird also did great service to Liverpool and to the North of England, by his exertions in founding the borough of Birkenhead. He was an extensive ship-builder in that place, and so great an employer of labour that, when the volunteer movement was first established, he was enabled to furnish, from among his own workmen, not less than three companies of artillery. The present generation may not be aware that it was Mr. W. Ewart, M.P. for Dumfries district, who, thirty years ago, succeeded in abolishing capital punishment for cattle and sheep stealing, for stealing in a dwelling-house above the value of £5, for letter-stealing and sacrilege; and also in abolishing the practice of hanging in chains. Such punishment at the present day is deemed barbarous, and it is but fair that the man who achieved the success indicated should not be forgotten. It was also mainly by this gentleman's advocacy that schools of design and free public libraries were established.

Of those members who are physically afflicted, and wonderful examples of the triumph of mind over matter, Professor Fawcett, M.P. for Brighton, is an instance. He is blind, and became so through an unfortunate accident in 1858, when two stray shots from a sportsman's gun pierced the centre of each eye-ball and instantly deprived him of sight. A more singular example of physical defect is that of Mr. Kavanagh, M.P. for county Wexford, who was born without either arms or legs. This gentleman, however, is, by mechanical contrivance, able to ride and drive well, and we have in our possession some letters written by him, the calligraphy of which might do credit to any person.

The number of members who may pride themselves upon the antiquity of their family genealogy is not great; but among them we may mention Sir Andrew Agnew, whose ancestors, prior to 1747, when hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, had been sheriffs of Galway for 400 years; the Right Hon. Fitzstephen French,

members of whose family have represented Irish constituencies since A.D. 1374; E. Heneage, whose ancestors have resided at Hainton Hall, his present seat, since the thirteenth century; Sir Thomas G. Hesketh, the descendant of a family settled in Lancashire upwards of 700 years; J. N. McKenna, who claims to be the lineal descendant of the last Prince of Truagh; and C. S. Read, who prides himself on being a yeoman, and following the same occupation that his ancestors have done in the same county (Norfolk) for 300 years. Two members, Sir D. Gooch and Sir Charles Bright, owe their titles to their connection with Atlantic Telegraphy; and Sir B. Guinness, to his philanthropy and princely expenditure of £150,000 in repairing St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Experience of colonial legislative business has been achieved by Messrs. R. Lowe and M. H. Marsh, both of them having been members of Australian Parliaments prior to their being returned.

Of Eastern celebrities are Sir Henry Rawlinson, the oriental linguist and decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions; Col. Sykes, chairman of the "East India Company," and strong in statistics on miscellaneous subjects; Mr. Oliphant, who was severely wounded in the attack on the British Legation in Japan, in July 1861. Of philosophers, Mr. Stuart Mill gets the credit of being the chief, and some might place in the same class Mr. Corbally, in consequence of his being a large tithe-owner, and refusing to receive pecuniary or any recompense in payment of his legal rights.

The M.P.'s who recently successfully competed at the Wimbledon Rifle Meeting for the "Lords and Commons' Prize" were, with one exception, Mr. M. A. Bass, son of the eminent brewer, all representatives of Scotch constituencies—viz., Lord Elcho, Mr. J. W. Malcolm, Mr. W. D. Fordyce, a Scottish barrister, and Mr. J. Lamont, an active member of the "gun club." The total score of the Commons was 251 against 245 of the Lords. Lord Elcho and Mr. Malcolm each made 54 points, Mr. Fordyce 53, Mr. Bass 48, and Mr. Lamont 42.

THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH.

As the presidentship of the British Association is not uniformly restricted to men of scientific eminence, but is occasionally accorded to other distinguished personages, it is befitting, on the return of that body once more to Scotland, that the post of honour at its Dundee meeting should devolve as it has done upon his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. Not to speak of extensive estates in the sister kingdom, the possessions of this nobleman in Scotland are more numerous and valuable than those of any other of its territorial magnates. Esteemed for his generous disposition, his liberal tastes, and excellences of character, his Grace adorns his high station by a consistent and patriotic zeal in helping forward every undertaking which aims to promote the best interests of the country.

We avail ourselves of the opportunity presented by the forthcoming meeting of the Association, under such distinguished auspices, to trace the origin and rise of the Buccleuch family, and briefly to touch on a few of the salient events in its romantic history.

From a genealogical table prepared by the world-famed Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, himself descended from the Harden branch of the Scotts, we find that the first mention made of an ancestor of the family is as a witness to charters granted in the reign of King David I of Scotland. Later, about the year 1158, his descendant Richard Scott, it appears, attached

his name in a like capacity to a charter granted by the Bishop of St. Andrews to the Abbey of Holyrood House. Another Richard Scott, son of the former, received lands in Roxburghshire in the reign of Alexander II, while his son William attended the court of that monarch, and witnessed several charters.

Sir Richard Scott, son of William, married the heiress of Murdieston in the county of Lanark, and swore fealty to Edward I of England in 1296, and may be held as the founder of the Buccleuch family. His son, Sir Michael Scott, greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Halidon Hill; and, though he escaped the carnage of that disastrous day, having accompanied David II in his invasion of England, he was killed at the battle of Durham, thirteen years afterwards. Sir Michael left two sons, Robert, who carried on the family, and John, who was the ancestor of the Scotts of Harden. Sir William Scott, son of Robert, obtained in 1426 lands from the Earl of Douglas, as a reward for service rendered to that nobleman; and in the reign of James I, who was killed in 1437, he exchanged his lands of Murdieston with Thomas Inglis for one half of the barony of Branksholm, lying on the Teviot, a few miles above the town of Hawick. According to tradition, Inglis having one day complained of the injuries which his lands of Branksholm sustained from the inroads of the English Borderers, Scott offered him his estate of Murdieston in exchange, which was instantly agreed to. The bargain completed, he drily observed, "The Cumberland cattle are as good as those of Teviotdale." Acting in the spirit of this remark, Sir William speedily commenced, like a true Border riever, a system of reprisals upon the English which was regularly pursued by his descendants for many generations. His son Sir Walter was one of the conservators of the several truces made with England between 1449 and 1459, and took a conspicuous part in repressing the rebellion of the Douglasses. For his various services he received grants of lands, among which was the remaining half of the barony of Branksholm. The charter is dated Feb. 2, 1443. Branksholm Castle now became the principal residence of the Buccleuch Scotts, who possessed the greater part of those pastoral lands in Selkirkshire and Roxburghshire which still form a main portion of the family property.

Sir David Scott, son of Sir Walter, flourished in the reign of James III, and was concerned in most of the public transactions of that time. He enlarged and strengthened his castle of Branksholm, and, having successfully suppressed several insurrections, died in 1492. The battle of Flodden was fought in 1513: Sir Walter, the next in succession, followed his king, James IV, to that fatal field, and was one of the few barons who returned alive from the slaughter. His son, of the same name, was served heir to his father in 1517. James V, at that time a minor, was retained in durance by the Douglasses against his royal will. This Sir Walter is celebrated in history for an abortive attempt, made on the 18th of July, 1526, to rescue the young monarch from the hands of that powerful family. Ker of Cessford, a warrior of note, fell in the encounter, whose death gave rise to the deadly feud between the Scotts and Kers which raged for about a century, and caused much bloodshed.

On the downfall of the Earl of Angus, the king rewarded Sir Walter Scott with the title of "Warden of the West Marches"; indeed, on the overthrow of the family of Douglas, the Scotts, long of note, rose on its ruins still higher, and grew visibly into increased importance in the state.

Some satirical expressions indulged in by the Laird

of Buccleuch against Henry VIII made him extremely obnoxious to the English, and called forth the Earl of Northumberland, who, in October 1533, ravaged and plundered the possessions of Scott, and burnt Branksholm Castle. In retaliation, Sir Walter, with other Border chiefs, laid waste Northumberland as far as the river Beamish, baffled and defeated the English, and returned home loaded with booty. Such is an example of the style of these oft-repeated Border contests, which for so long a period afflicted the neighbouring counties of both kingdoms. Sir Walter Scott had his full share of suffering, both in person and estate, in the troubles of those unsettled times. In 1547 he distinguished himself at the battle of Pinkie, and eventually lost his life in a nocturnal encounter, in the High Street of Edinburgh, with a party of the Kers, headed by Sir Walter Ker of Cessford. Branksholm Castle (poetically Branksome) is the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which is supposed to open shortly after this event; the lady of the slain Sir Walter being the mother of the heroine of the poem. An historically correct picture of the retinue of the head of the clan is given by Scott in the following lines:—

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all;
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch."

At the head of her formidable followers the Lady of Buccleuch made an effort to avenge the death of her husband; she is otherwise noted in the history of the time, and was afterwards accused, according to the belief of that superstitious age, of administering love potions to Queen Mary, to make her enamoured of the Earl of Bothwell.

Scott of Buccleuch, grandson of Sir Walter, who also bore the same name, and who is described as "wise, true, stout, and modest," espoused the cause of the unfortunate Mary, and continued her devoted partisan until her death. On the day after the murder of the Regent Murray, and before he could have known of the event, Scott associated with the chief of the Kers, made a predatory inroad into England, and committed great ravages—the object of which was to stir up a war between the two countries. On being asked how he could venture on such an outrage, so long as the Earl of Murray was Regent, he answered, "Tush! the Regent is as cold as my bridle-bit." It would thus appear that Scott, like the other partisans of Mary, was aware of the intended assassination. In revenge, an English force, by order of Queen Elizabeth, entered Scotland, laid waste the country, and blew up with gunpowder the castle of Branksholm. The chief immediately set about rebuilding and enlarging his stronghold; it was not, however, finished until after his death, as appears from an inscription on its walls quoted in the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Buccleuch took a main part in a well-planned and successfully-executed enterprise against the king's party at Stirling, but which afterwards was strangely disconcerted, and ended in his surrendering himself a prisoner to the Earl of Morton. He died in 1574; and having married the daughter of David, seventh Earl of Angus, he was succeeded by his son Walter, who thus joined in his veins the blood both of the Scotts and the Douglasses. The new chief lacked none of the heroic qualities of his ancestors. He was much in favour with James VI, by whom he was knighted, and appointed Warden of the Marches. He is renowned

for his singularly daring deed of the rescue of one of his dependents from Carlisle Castle on the 13th of April, 1596. So gallant an exploit excited at the time universal admiration, and to this day the story of the Bold Buccleuch and Kinmont Willie enlivens the fire-side of almost every cottage in the Border districts of Scotland.* Queen Elizabeth was highly incensed at such an affront put upon her authority, and it was settled by commissioners that the delinquents should be delivered up. Buccleuch, though maintaining that he had right on his side, was thus induced to surrender himself, and he appears to have remained in England from October 1597 till February 1598. According to an ancient family tradition, he was presented to Elizabeth, who asked him how he had dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate as that of attacking Carlisle Castle. He answered boldly, "What is there, madam, that a man may not dare?" The Queen, it is said, was struck with the reply, and remarked to those around her, "That is a man indeed. With ten thousand such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe." After James VI succeeded to the English throne, the bold Buccleuch was engaged in restoring order in the Border counties. The better to accomplish this object, he raised a regiment of the most desperate of the Borderers, and deported them to the Netherlands to war against the Spaniards. Under Prince Maurice, Sir Walter Scott attained renown as a military commander; and in recognition of his merits and services he was advanced by James, in 1606, to the dignity of Lord Scott of Buccleuch.

The locality whence the Scotts derive their title in the peerage of Scotland is in one of the minor vales of Selkirkshire.† We may also mention that Bellenden, from which the gathering word or battle-cry of the Buccleuch family took its origin, is situated near the head of the Borthwick Water in the same district, being the centre of the possessions of the Scotts in olden time, and their usual place of rendezvous.

The second Lord Scott of Buccleuch was created Earl of Buccleuch in 1619; he also commanded a regiment in the Dutch service in the war with Spain. Francis, his son, on his accession in 1633 to the titles and estates of his family, was a minor. While still under age he purchased the estate of Dalkeith from the Earl of Morton. He died at the early age of twenty-five, at the

* Several of the Scotts, headed by their chief, having effected an entrance into the castle, they assailed the sentinels within, then rushed to the cell in which Willie was confined, the position of which they had taken means to ascertain before they left the Scottish Border, broke open the door, and placed Willie, who was heavily ironed, on the back of Red Rowan, "the starkest man in Teviotdale." In the words of the old ballad—

"Then shoulder-high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made
I wot the Kinmont's airs play'd clang."

† Tradition gives the following romantic origin of the name of Buccleuch:—Two brethren, natives of Galloway, banished for a riot or insurrection, came to Rangleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper received them joyfully on account of their skill in winding the horn and other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck to the glen now called Buccleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rangleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay, and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot, and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up a steep hill to a place called Cracca Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet, who said—

"And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Buccleuch."

Castle of Dalkeith; and, being a zealous royalist, his successor was fined by Cromwell to the extent of £15,000, an amount now equal to about £200,000. On the demise of Earl Francis, the male line of the Scotts of Buccleuch failed, he having left only two daughters,

are fully detailed in every History of England. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 15th of July, 1685. On the morning of that day his wife and children were brought to the misguided and unfortunate Monmouth to take a last farewell of him. The scene has been de-



Buccleuch

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1867.

Mary and Anne. The eldest succeeded at the age of five years, and, being the heiress of possessions so great, was from a mere child the object of matrimonial intrigues. At a very early age the Countess Mary was married to Walter Scott, the eldest son of Scott of Harden. She, however, died without issue, and the family titles and property devolved upon her sister Anne. Anne was born at Dundee, then the refuge of the principal nobility, in 1651, the same year it was besieged by Monk, and the year also of her father's death. She married, in 1663, the Duke of Monmouth, who was also Earl of Doncaster (the title by which the present duke sits in the House of Lords). On his marriage, Monmouth assumed the name of Scott, and himself and his duchess were in the same year created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Into the previous life or subsequent career of Monmouth it is not necessary we should here enter. His military services, rebellion, and fall

scribed as "the mournfullest in the world, and one which no bystander could witness without melting into tears." Some months afterwards, Evelyn sat with the duchess in the same pew in the chapel at Whitehall, and remarks, "She appeared with a very sad and afflicted countenance." The estates forfeited by the rebellion of her husband were restored to the duchess in 1687, and in 1688 she married Lord Cornwallis, after whose death, in 1698, she appears to have resided chiefly at the family seat at Dalkeith, where her establishment and style of living were of the most magnificent description. The present palace was enlarged by the Duchess Anne. Dr. Johnson speaks of her "as remarkable for inflexible perseverance in her demand to be treated as a princess," which she deemed her due, from having been the wife of the Duke of Monmouth; and Sir Walter Scott also says that "she was resolute in asserting her right to be treated as a princess of the blood." She was the

patroness of Dryden, also of the poet Gay, whom she engaged to be her secretary. It is to her that Scott makes the Last Minstrel, in Newark Castle, on the Yarrow, recite his Lay—

"The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade the page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter—rest him God!—
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch."

Francis, grandson of the Duchess, succeeded, on her death, in 1732, and became second Duke of Buccleuch. In 1743 he obtained, by Act of Parliament, a restoration of the earldom of Doncaster and barony of Scott of Tynedale, two of the English honours of his grandfather, the Duke of Monmouth, and accordingly took his seat in the House of Lords as an English peer. In the rebellion of 1745 he resolutely opposed Prince Charles Edward, and sent his tenantry to assist the inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, however, made faint resistance, and seemed not much dissatisfied at the capture of their city. The Prince took possession of Dalkeith Palace, and lodged in it two nights. Duke Francis died in 1751, and was buried in the chapel of Eton College. By his marriage with Lady Jane Douglas, daughter of James, Duke of Queensberry, he had a son Francis, who predeceased his father. He was married to Lady Caroline Campbell, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, who had no son, consequently she became her father's representative as heir-of-line, and as such succeeded to the beautiful estate of Granton, near Edinburgh, while the entailed estates went with the titles to the heir-male. By her marriage with Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, she had a son Henry, who became third Duke of Buccleuch. He was educated at Eton, and, in company with the celebrated Adam Smith, travelled some years on the continent of Europe. The utmost cordiality and affection existed between the young Duke and the philosopher. Alluding to Dr. Smith after his death, the Duke said that they had "spent nearly three years together without the slightest disagreement or coolness; on my part, with every advantage that could be expected from the society of such a man. We continued to live in friendship till the hour of his death; and I shall always remain with the impression that I have lost a friend whom I loved and respected, not only for his great talents, but for his private virtues." On his Grace's return from his travels, he devoted himself chiefly to the improvement of his estates and to the encouragement of trade and manufactures. He connected himself with various learned societies, and became the governor of the Royal Bank of Scotland, an office which is now held by the present Duke. Duke Henry, in 1810, succeeded to the dukedom of Queensberry, and to very large estates in Dumfriesshire. Universally respected and loved, he died on the 11th of January, 1812, and was buried in the aisle of Dalkeith church. Sir Walter Scott, in writing to Joanna Baillie, on the 17th, thus refers to the funeral and character of the Duke, and to the loss the country had sustained: "Yesterday, I had the melancholy task of attending the funeral of the good Duke of Buccleuch. It was by his own directions very private, but there was scarce a dry eye among the assistants—a rare tribute to a

person whose rank and large possessions removed him so far out of the sphere of private friendship; but the Duke's mind was moulded upon the kindest and most single-hearted model, and arrested the affections of all who had any connection with him. He is truly a great loss to Scotland, and will be long missed and lamented, though the successor to his rank is heir also to his generous spirit and affections." The Duke had married Lady Elizabeth Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Montagu, through whom extensive estates in England came into the possession of the Buccleuch family. The Duchess was very considerate of the wants of the poor, and many anecdotes were told of her charitable deeds. It was to the influence of "the good Duke" Henry that Sir Walter Scott was indebted for his appointment, in December 1799, to the office of sheriff depute of Selkirkshire, and afterwards, in 1806, to that of one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session.

The successor to whom Sir Walter Scott refers above as heir to the generous spirit and affections of his father was the eldest son, Charles William Henry, then fourth Duke of Buccleuch, and sixth Duke of Queensberry. His Grace married, in 1795, his cousin, the Hon. Harriet Townsend, who died in 1814. There is, on this event, an affecting correspondence in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," between the Duke and the poet. A very constant friendship existed between them, which was afterwards sufficiently put to the proof. Writing to Sir Walter Scott from Bowhill, a few days after the loss of his Duchess, his Grace thus speaks of her:—"As she lived, so she died—an example of every noble feeling, of love, attachment, and the total want of everything selfish. Endeavouring to the last to conceal her sufferings, she evinced a fortitude, a resignation, a Christian courage, beyond all description. Her last injunction was to attend to her poor people. I have learned that the most heroic spirit may be lodged in the tenderest and the gentlest heart. Need I tell you that she expired in the full hope and expectation—nay, in the firmest certainty—of passing to a better world through a steady reliance on her Saviour? If ever there was a proof of the efficacy of our religion in moments of deepest affliction and in the hour of death, it was exemplified in her conduct."

Among the persons who received the attention, and patronage of this excellent Duchess was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. On one occasion she sent him a present of £100. The Duke, after her death, took up the case of the Shepherd, and bestowed upon him the life-rent of the house and farm of Altrive, on his favourite Braes of Yarrow.

The present Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, Walter Francis Montagu Douglas Scott, who succeeded in 1819, is the second son of these his generous and noble-hearted parents. Born on the 25th November, 1806, he was educated at Eton and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. After completing his studies, he travelled for some time on the continent of Europe, and returned home in 1828. In that year his Grace was sworn in as Lord-lieutenant of the county of Midlothian, and was also some time afterwards appointed Lord-lieutenant of the county of Roxburgh. On the 1st of October of the same year, the inhabitants of Dumfries and its neighbourhood, on the occasion of his visiting the town, entertained him to dinner. Sir W. Scott, who was present on the occasion, said, "I speak with confidence when I predict of him (the Duke) that he will be found the foremost to support every benevolent measure;" and about the same period, in his "Diary," he records

this further opinion:—"The Duke has grown up into a graceful and apparently strong young man. I think he will be well qualified to sustain his difficult and important task. The heart is excellent, so are his talents, with good sense and a knowledge of the world. God bless him! His father and I loved each other well, and his beautiful mother had as much of the angel as is permitted to walk upon earth." Nobly has the Duke of Buccleuch redeemed the predictions and earnest wishes of the great novelist. "No nobleman," says a writer whom we have pleasure in quoting, "has more endeared himself to all classes of the community by his public and private actions. He has made it his study to walk closely in the footsteps of his forefathers, befriending the poor, promoting agricultural industry and improvements, erecting useful works, patronising benevolent institutions, encouraging education, taking a warm interest in everything relating to the comfort and prosperity of his numerous tenants and dependents, and manifesting the strictest propriety in every relation of life. Schools, churches, the noble bridge over the Esk, near Dalkeith, the immense works at Granton, and many other beneficial undertakings, which he carried on and completed, will long remain monuments of his enterprise and liberality."

An entertainment was given to the Duke of Buccleuch, in 1839, in the grounds of Bransholm Castle, on his return from the Continent, where he had for a time resided for the benefit of the health of his family, by his tenantry in the counties of Roxburgh and Dumfries. A large number of noblemen and gentlemen, and deputations from the tenantry of Midlothian and other places, were also present. In replying to the toast of his health, the Duke said: "Providence has blessed me with much, and Providence will require much at my hands. What has been entrusted to me has not been given to me that it may be wasted in idle or frivolous amusements; nor will I be justified in wasting the hard earnings of the tillers of the soil by carrying them away and spending them in other countries; but I wish to see them employed in the means of promoting good to them and the country at large." Among the many objects of a beneficent kind in which the Duke is warmly interested, and has done much to advance, may be mentioned the "Association for Promoting Improvement in the Dwellings and Domestic Condition of Agricultural Labourers in Scotland."

In 1852 the Earl of Dalkeith, the heir-apparent to the possessions of the house of Buccleuch, attained his majority, and the occasion was celebrated by an assemblage of the tenantry of the family estates to an entertainment, given at Dalkeith, at the noble Duke's expense. It was held in a large pavilion erected for the purpose. From the front of the gallery was suspended the ancient banner of the family, emblazoned with the arms of Buccleuch, and bearing the motto "Bellenden." Its tattered and venerable aspect betokened that it had been unfurled on many hostile occasions in the warlike days of old, now happily gone.

In 1834 the Duke of Buccleuch received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and, in 1842, that of LL.D. from Cambridge. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Knight of the Garter, and president of several benevolent and other institutions, of which may be named the Caledonian Asylum in London. He held the office of Lord Privy Seal from February 1842 to January 1846, and that of Lord President of the Council from January till the resignation of Sir Robert Peel's Government in the same year, having remained in the

Cabinet, and supported that statesman in his measure for the repeal of the Corn-laws.

Dalkeith Palace, the principal residence of the Buccleuch family, has been twice honoured by a visit from royalty since the accession of the present Duke to the title: first, in 1822, when George IV came to Scotland, and again, in 1842, when her present Majesty for the first time visited that country.

A TRIP THROUGH THE TYROL.

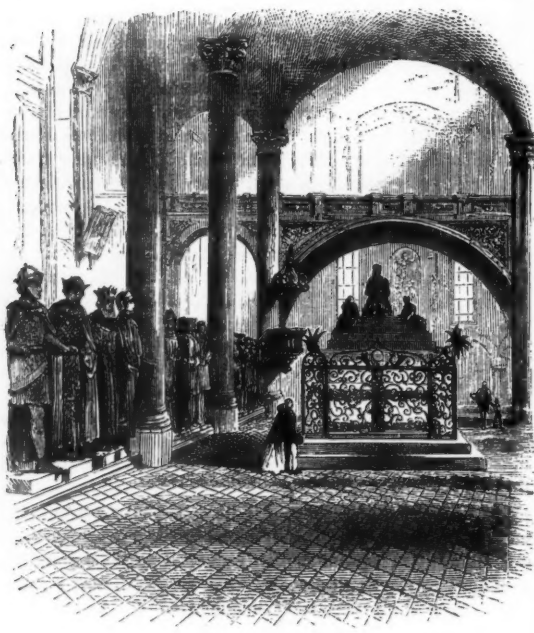
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

NO. III.—FROM INNSBRUCK TO THE STELVIO.

THE railway between Wörgl and Innsbruck passes through magnificent scenery. The post route from Salzburg joins it at Wörgl, as well as the lesser road over the Thurm pass, which we had just taken. Some people prefer driving so far from Salzburg, through Reichenhall, but I would advise none to miss the portion of the line we travelled over, especially if they see the mountains, as we did, with their tops cut off by, and standing up above, layers of white cloud. The contrast between peaks and mist was wonderfully beautiful. Innsbruck itself is surrounded by bare summits, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet high, which present themselves at the end of almost every street, and seem to be very much nearer than they are. We put up at the Oesterreichischer Hof, a name ugly to look at, to spell, and to pronounce, but it is a good inn, with civil attendants. On my arrival I telegraphed to my wife at Salzburg to join us the next day; and we all started on the Tuesday for Botzen, by Landek. Meanwhile, J—, L—, and I prowled about the town, buying fruit and Tyrolean nicknacks. These are eminently girdles and knives. A visitor would in many places here receive the impression that the people carried daggers, since every man has an ugly handle or two showing itself outside his pocket. But this display of edged tools is more harmless than it seems, since every knife is accompanied by a fork. That terrible-looking fellow, with a peaked hat, moustache, and feather, who wears an embroidered belt, and displays two suspicious-looking hilts sticking out of the sheath upon his thigh, is, in reality, a simple goatherd armed with a knife and fork. He will draw his weapon at dinner time, not before. He fights in a social row with fist and limbs. He has indeed a nasty trick of wearing a strong prominent ring on one of his fingers, with which he does brutal damage to his adversary's face. He also wrestles—it would seem not fairly, since he catches hold of his opponent in a way that a British wrestler would never allow. But, except, perhaps, in some parts of Italian Tyrol, he does not stab. Very often his "blade" is accompanied by a spoon as well as a fork. The ruder sort of Tyrolean set a large dish in the centre of the household circle, and then each cuts away for himself; thus the peasant goes about ready for a turn at any meal within reach of which he may find himself.

I bought, in Innsbruck, one of the roughest cases, containing a knife, fork, and needle, the latter coarser than any we use for packing, but all made, I was told, of Styrian iron, which was famous many centuries ago, and is still, I believe, considered excellent, if not the best in Europe. I bought also a belt. This is worn by all Tyrolean, and serves the purposes of use, ornament, and religion. It is several inches in depth, made of black double leather, with white embroidery, and a text or benediction in the middle, which is broader than the rest. The belt itself is employed as a pocket or purse,

the wearer putting valuables which he wishes to protect inside it, by the opening at the end, and stuffing his handkerchief between the belt and his person. Sometimes the wearer's name or initials are worked in front, but the centre of the belt is generally filled with a religious motto. As I have said before, your Tyrolese brings religion into everything, externally at least. I looked over a collection of snuff-boxes in a shop at Innsbruck; while some had inscriptions on the lid too coarsely indecent to be repeated, and indicating a very low state of domestic morality, I took up several with such questionable mottoes as this: "Every time I take a pinch of snuff I think upon the Lord." I may be allowed to mention another instance of the profaneness which so often accompanies a very familiar use of religion; I refer to cakes made in the shape of a dove, and called unequivocally by the name of the Third Person in the Trinity. It was shocking to hear them cried for sale.



TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN.

After spending some pleasant hours in wandering about the markets and streets, we went to see Maximilian's Tomb, in the Franciscan Church, the "sight" of Innsbruck. The church itself is uninteresting enough, but the tomb is a most elaborate and remarkable structure, surrounded by twenty-eight colossal bronze statues. There are long descriptions of this work in the guide-books. The effect, on entering the church, of this metal congregation is very curious and striking. As accurate representations of bygone costume these statues have much historical value.

Every visitor to the Tyrol, if he does not visit Hofer's house, will, probably, go to see his tomb at Innsbruck, and some relics of him, his sword, belt, &c., which are preserved in the Ferdinandeum Museum. Hofer may be called, in one sense, the Tyrolese Garibaldi, for his simple manners, success, and popularity. In the beginning of the present century he commanded the Tyrolese who drove the French and Bavarians out of his country, and after a triumphal entry into Innsbruck conducted the government from that town, still retaining

the simplicity which marked him when a mere innkeeper in the Passeyrthal. He was at last—a price having been put upon his head by the French, who had regained possession of the Tyrol by overwhelming numbers—betrayed by a fellow-countryman, taken prisoner to Mantua, and shot by order of Napoleon. The Emperor of Austria, for whom he had done and suffered so much, pensioned and ennobled his family.

But we must be getting away from Innsbruck. As we were now four in number, we took a carriage and started on the Tuesday morning, about six o'clock, for our first day's drive of about fifty miles to Landek, resting our horses and dining at Silz by the way. The scenery is grand: our road lay through a wide valley with high ranges of mountains on either side; but still no snow enough to speak of. We got glimpses of two or three little patches up near the summits on our left, though we retained the impression of a Switzerland which had been almost thawed. The heat was tremendous. Among the first objects which strike the tourist on leaving Innsbruck by the road is the Martinswand, a huge cliff over which the Emperor Maximilian nearly fell once when out chamois-hunting. He rolled to the brink of the precipice, and hung on a ledge with his head downwards. While thus suspended, in an apparently inaccessible spot, prayers were offered for him by the abbot of Wilten, who saw him from below. Providentially, however, a stray poacher on the rocks came upon him in scrambling after a chamois, and drew him, at the risk of his own life, into a place of safety. For this the Emperor, it is said, made him a noble, with the title of Count "Hollauer," in reference to the "halloo" of relief which he gave when he saw a man hanging by his heels over the Martinswand. The spot is now marked by a crucifix 700 feet above the road, and almost vertically over the traveller's head. The cliff is a striking object for many miles.

At Imst our road bent a little towards the left, and opened out a magnificent view down the valley towards Landek, which we reached betimes, and after supper strolled out to see. The moon was at the full, and we loitered long upon the bridge over the river, which here rushes by like a torrent. It was one of those scenes, after a glaring, dusty day, in which nature comes out, as it were, to recover herself in the evening air.

I should say that the road to the head of the Lake of Constance turns off by Landek, and that you can make an excursion from Imst up the Oetzthal, and visit the large glaciers at the head of the valley. We could not see anything of them from the road.

Next day we went over the Finstermünz pass to Spondinig, a little place at the bottom of the Stelvio. We were disappointed by the Finstermünz. The view of the cliffs which skirt, and, in one place, nip the valley into a narrow chasm, was, in some respects, much more striking from the old road which lies at the bottom. The new one, which is channelled out of the face of the precipices on your left hand, enables you, however, to appreciate the defile better on the whole. If it were not compared to the Via Mala by some enthusiasts, it would be far more admired by the rest; but, in fact, it is not a pass proper itself, being only a gorge in the lower part of the Reschen-Scheideck, which crosses the main chain of the Alps, and is 4,718 feet high. The defile of Finstermünz is only 3,278. Thus you rise still when you have traversed it.

Though much inferior to the Via Mala, it is very grand, and the view from the little inn built half-way in the defile comprises three valleys. Of course art is used to make this natural gorge both passable and impassable.

An excellent road assists you if peaceful, but a fortress at the narrowest part shows that it would be almost physically impossible to get by in case of war. No soldier could be got to walk along that narrow strip of road with cannon firing grape in his face and riflemen

We now drove quickly, since the road was down hill. The little dogs ran out of every hamlet to bark at us. Indeed I may say, in passing, that I never met with a noisier set of curs than the Tyrolese. The valley reminded us strongly of the Engadine, its succession of



VIEW OF THE ORTLER SPITZ, FROM THE STELVIO PASS.

"potting" at him from a score of little holes all around; to say nothing of a barrel of gunpowder being under his feet, ready to blow him and the road into the river of death. The pass is impregnable, unless there be an approach to the fortress from above, or heavy artillery could be got up to pound it from a distance.

I would advise the tourist to dine at the little inn in the middle of the defile. Some way beyond the pass of Finstermünz we reached Nauders, where the road turns off to the Engadine in Switzerland. We kept the main route, and soon came to the summit of the Reschen-Scheideck. It is level for some distance, and holds two or three lakes; an arrangement which frequently marks the summit of an important pass. We were now about to descend into Italy. At the time we felt the air sharp, but presently we knew we should reach the vine and the chestnut, and see the lizard hurry along the wall. Germany was now behind us, the Swiss frontier a few miles on our right. And, as if to remind us that we were near the land of pasture, peaks, and ice, the Ortler Spitz rose splendidly before us. I say splendidly; for the sun shone bright upon its snows. Here was glacier at last. The whole scene was shifted. We had crept out of the long valley from Innsbruck, and looked over another land. This view of the Ortler Spitz may almost rank with that of Mont Blanc from Sallanches, in so far as it gives the proportions of a giant amid central Alpine peaks.

white-housed villages adding remarkably to the resemblance. The heath of Mals was soon left behind; we hastened on by picturesquely-set villages towards Spondinig, a hamlet, or rather inn, where we proposed sleeping that night, in order to spend the next day upon the Stelvio pass, at the bottom of which Spondinig stands. It was dark when we pulled up our tired horses at the inn door, and a bobbing lantern came out with the welcome assurance that there was plenty of room.

The promises of the host were more cheerful than well founded; for, though E— and I got a comfortable room enough, there was a struggle to shake down the rest of the guests, a carriage-full of whom, all ladies, came in at our heels. However, matters were settled at last, and we sat down to supper. I would advise you not to depend much upon what you can get at Spondinig.

Next morning, E—, L—, and I set off for the Stelvio; and as the ascent is very long we drove for four hours to Trafoi, and walked from thence. The road from Spondinig lies at first straight across the valley towards Prad, where our passports were examined, and then ascends towards a fort which commands the road. You drive through this, and, making a few turns, find yourself at the prettily-placed Trafoi, or the hamlet of the "three fountains." The long series of zigzags for which the Stelvio is famous begins immediately above this. It was half-past ten when we started to walk, and it took us four hours and a half to the top, and three

down. Here L—, whose knee had pretty well recovered itself by a week's rest, left us to walk on to Bormio and get back to England at once. We proposed merely an excursion up and down the Stelvio, as we had still a good deal to see before we left the Tyrol.

There seems a regular progress of scenery and labour in the ascent of every mountain and pass. A fir wood, a slope, and a col: that is the established order, which is hardly ever departed from. Generally the first and the last bits are steepest; and the first is always in a wood. We wound up through the pines above Trafoi by short sharp zigzags, which at last landed us in the bottom of a long bare upland valley on a level with the lower glaciers of the Ortler. At every turn on our way up we had a full view of this magnificent mountain. When we got out of the wood, the sweeps of the road were longer till we came just under the final ridge which marks the summit of the pass. We could see this above us long before we reached it; and I know no place in the Alps where the facility with which a road can be carried up a very steep slope is more strikingly exhibited. The ascent is as steep as the roof of a house, and yet, by a judicious conduct of the road, you drive up and down with perfect ease. There are some twenty or thirty of these turns, so close above one another as to show from a distance almost like a ladder set on the side of the mountain. The Stelvio, on the Tyrolese side, is peculiar for exhibiting these on a steep flat slope. There are no crags around which to creep, no favouring projections; nothing, for a long way, but a steep flat slope, over the whole of which a stone loosened from the top would hop within sight. This is, of course, the chief danger of the place. The road is therefore in many spots protected with wooden galleries, upon the roof of which the hopping stones bump harmlessly. Many of these, however, have fallen into ruins, or, as I strongly suspect, have had their timber stolen, since the Austrians ceased to care for the road—i.e., when they lost possession of the other side of the pass. Indeed, while we were upon it, stones as big as my hat fell and bounded off, while others were broken with such violence as to show the fatal harm they would do in striking man or beast.

The road is in a desolate state, the railings and parapets having been removed, but it was originally made so well that it will take many years of bad weather and use to destroy it. As it is, diligences have ceased to cross the Stelvio, and carriages are sometimes detained for days in consequence of some watercourse which ought to be carried beneath it having broken up the road; but these injuries are very local. They seldom extend far. It is plain, however, that a break of ten feet is enough to render a road useless when it has a precipice above and beneath it. You can't go round. On the whole, I was surprised to find the road over the Stelvio so good as it was.

As a carriage pass, it commands the finest scenery of any in Europe. I say this without hesitation. There is nothing on the great Swiss passes to be compared with it. Of course you may find plenty of foot or even bridle passes to show as much or more glacier and snow, but I speak of regular carriage roads over the Alps; and I neither know, nor can well conceive, of any one finer than this. It is 9,230 feet high; and when once you have got over the top from the Italian side, the Ortler Spitz, 12,850 high, presents itself to the traveller from base to summit, and so near that it seems almost beneath him. He fancies he could, in some parts above Trafoi, throw a stone upon its glaciers. The ludicrously imperceptible distance which a stone from his hand really goes is well worth trying.

We had a good day for our excursion up the Stelvio. Part of the time it was quite clear. Every peak and glacier stood distinctly before us. Then rain fell, giving, with the clouds which produced it, fresh phases of beauty to the view, when all at once the sun broke out behind us and spanned the centre of the picture with a rainbow. Had an artist thus painted the Ortler Spitz, he would have been blamed for choosing an unlikely moment.

I should say that there is a point, with a hut on it, about a quarter of an hour off from the summit of the pass, which is well worth turning aside to reach. The view from it is a panorama. It is astonishing how much a few minutes' climb often adds to a view already extensive. We looked forward to reaching the house on the top of the highest ridge, thinking that of course it would be an inn or hospice of some kind, where we could get refreshment, but it was empty, cold, and closed. You get nothing between Trafoi and Santa Maria, though there are several places of shelter by the way, and they look, a little way off, as much like wayside inns as is possible for an empty house. We were twice deceived, and by the time we got back to Trafoi were very thankful for the meal set before us, while our man was putting his horses to the carriage. We soon trotted down to Spondinig to find J—, who was very unwell, as cheerful as might have been expected after twelve hours spent in its barren little inn. We wished he had come on at least to Trafoi, but he preferred, perhaps wisely, a whole day's thorough rest.

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

BY MISS M. G. WHEATLEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A RICH MAN'S HOME.

The events of the next few weeks would have little interest for my readers, as they consisted solely in quarrels and reconciliations between my gipsy owner and the members of his tribe, and cheating, stealing, and traffic with those outside the tent. Such scenes would only tarnish my clear lustre if I spent much time in relating them. I shall, therefore, skip over a month or two and introduce you to a pretty villa in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, belonging to a wealthy man who held a post of some importance under the Government. It was now the height of the hot season; but the air here was (though less dry, and to many, therefore, less healthy than that of Cairo) very much cooler, especially at this spot, which was sufficiently near the sea to enjoy a certain amount of sea breeze, and had, moreover, a canal within a few yards of the large and well-watered garden. The house, of a shining whiteness, which contrasted beautifully with the dark green of the foliage around it, was approached by a trellised walk, where the sky-blue convolvulus of Egypt mingled its brilliant blossoms with vine tendrils, and the bunches of grapes already almost ripe, while the star-like flowers of the large white jessamine peeped through every aperture in the trellis-work, and scented the air with their fragrance. What a contrast to the scene without! I was concealed in the ragged dress of a young gipsy woman, who stood gazing enviously on the garden, with its laden fruit-trees and wealth of flowers, and listening to the creaking sound of the water-wheel, which, to every Egyptian ear, speaks of water and coolness. The hot dust was all around her as she stood, and almost burnt her bare feet, accustomed as she was to heat and dust; a burning plain was behind her, which she had just crossed, not a tree or house being visible for miles on that side; before her lay a

long stretch of high road more than ankle-deep in white dust, and flanked by a dead wall, beyond which was a small group of miserable mud huts. Daleela (for she it was who at present held the diamond in her possession) had succeeded in setting the gipsy bridegroom against her rival, and even by her arts contrived for a time to win him back to herself, so far as to get him to lend his beautiful jewel to her, to wear at a festival held by their tribe near Alexandria, previous to an intended journey into Syria; but fresh quarrels had taken place, and he had insisted on the restitution of the loan. She at first maintained it was a gift, but was finally compelled to give it up. However, she took an early opportunity of displaying the skill for which she was notorious in her family, by stealing it from the owner, having by some means induced a heavier sleep than usual upon him. He had not yet discovered the theft, as she had taken care to sew a small stone of the same size into that part of his dress whence I had been abstracted, and he had gone into the city with some comrades to sell horses, while the women dispersed to beg, etc.; and Daleela determined to dispose quickly of her dangerous possession, or exchange it for another precious stone, so as to escape detection. For this purpose she slipped away from the others, and wended her way towards the country houses in the suburbs, where she hoped to accomplish her purpose. After taking due observation of the house I have described, and picking up some information from the peasant children in the huts as to its occupants, she resolved on trying her luck, and sat down in the bit of shade afforded by a splendid banana, whose broad leaves of emerald-green hung over the wall, and waited till some one should come in or out of the garden. The master of it was the first person she saw; he came up by the high road riding on a fine white ass, gaily caparisoned, and adorned with a purple saddle covering embroidered with gold; a little black slave boy ran beside it, and the rider was richly clad in the finest cloth; everything, in short, betokened that a wealthy man was approaching. Daleela was a striking contrast, as she rose from the stone on which she had been seated, to make way for the owner of the dwelling. She looked all dark-brown, from the rough, uncombed locks of hair, which her skin seemed nearly to match, down to the brown ragged mantle that covered her slender figure; her face was tattooed, according to a frequent custom of Eastern gipsies, but more profusely even than is common with them, having blue marks on her forehead, cheeks, and chin, and several more on the arms and neck, and her countenance had the peculiar expression of wildness and cunning united, which belongs to the savage nature especially, and which is so painful to behold in a woman, if possible, even more than in a man.

Habeeb, the Coptic master of the house, was turning into the trellis walk without noticing the gipsy girl; but she arrested him by first asking alms, and when that was disregarded, by taking some small trinkets out of the folds of her miserable garments and offering them for sale. Knowing that her people sometimes brought curious ornaments picked up in their wanderings, he stopped for a moment to glance at her, though repeating his former command: "Go, go away from here! I do not want you or your thieving, dirty people about my house." Her point was, however, partly gained by the delay. Following him inside the gate, she spoke a little louder, and the females of the family heard, for they were sitting out in the shade, and one after another came up to peep—first two tall but ill-shaped women, with skins as black as ebony, and gaudily attired in yellow

trousers and striped print jackets, one carrying a (comparatively) *fair* child on her shoulder. These were the slaves commonly met with in all families of any degree of wealth in Egypt, in spite of the pretence of Government that the slave-trade is abolished. Then came a very pretty languid-looking young woman, with a delicate ivory-like complexion, and eyes of that deep, soft black peculiar to the country. She was gracefully dressed in vest and trousers of printed muslin, her only finery consisting of her splendid necklace of pearls and rubies; for, the weather being so hot, she had laid aside her rich silks, and looked, perhaps, all the prettier for her simple garb. A little child was hanging to her skirts and impeding her progress as she came up to her husband, and the gipsy, who, when she saw the lady of the house, was in great delight, took no pains to conceal it, but began praising the loveliness of the mistress, and predicting for her children all manner of good fortune. Though Sitt Bamba did not exactly believe her, and laughed, and said she was a fool, still flattery and prognostications of wealth and honours are always pleasant to an uneducated and frivolous mind; and the cunning wanderer knew how to deal with such, and pursued her advantage till two or three of her small trinkets were purchased; and, as they were of some value, she obtained a fair price for them. Daleela had now made a beginning for her real business, and she took occasion to say that she had a far prettier and better jewel than those trifles, if the excellent gentleman would only look at it. It was indeed meant for the pasha, only—she would just show it him, for the sweet lady's sake, merely as a curiosity. Of course the lady insisted on seeing it; and no sooner had her eyes rested on me than she burst into expressions of admiration, though it is customary in the East to depreciate whatever is intended to be purchased; but, believing at first that it was not for sale, she was thrown off her guard.

"Come, come, we must go to the house," said her husband; "let the gipsy go, my dear; I am thirsty, and want some sherbet."

The wife sent one of the slave women immediately to prepare the drink; but, as to quitting the diamond yet, she was not prepared to do so, for the other slave whispered to her that the gipsy had made her a sign she would sell it. "And next week is the feast of my patron saint," said she; "it would be a nice present to give me: I want a diamond ring so much;" and Daleela, eager to be free of so insecure a possession, named a sum below the full market value of the article. But Habeeb had no mind to spend the sum on his pretty wife, though very fond of her, and though he lavished jewels on her, usually beyond what sense or prudence would justify. He had a greater necessity than that of pleasing her on his mind. He drew her aside and said, "If I can get this cheap, Bamba, I will buy it, perhaps; but I will only do so because I am in trouble. I cannot explain the matter to you: what do women know of business? but I have got into difficulty with one in power, and I must make him a handsome present to conciliate him, or I shall lose my situation. I have been thinking what to give, and this diamond will be the very thing. The girl has probably stolen it, and therefore will sell it without much bargaining, to get it off her hands."

In vain Bamba pouted, and shrugged up her shoulders, and told her husband he did not love her. His mind was made up, and he began the business of bargaining with my owner with considerable tact, showing the most utter indifference, and offering a lower price than she named, as his "last word." Fear and cupidity struggled long with the girl; but as she was

leaving the garden she looked up to the sky, and saw the sunset was not far off: she would have no other chance that day, and might be discovered if she kept it another night; so she turned back and said, "Here, take." And Habeeb calmly took possession of me, and counted out the money to the girl at once, for he was just returned from the city with a full purse.

Alas! it was now my fate to change from hand to hand, but to find none who in any way resembled the family I had sojourned with so long in Cairo. This was, however, a change for the better. I left the dirt, and rags, and villainy of the outcasts of society, and entered once more a habitation where comfort and comparative order prevailed. Though the fair Copt was in no way a companion to her husband, she was careful to please him in the only way she knew or that he desired; brought him his coffee herself; joked with him when lively, and left him alone when he was inclined to read or do any sort of business; and scolded the slaves if anything relative to his comfort was neglected. While he sat sipping his cool sherbet on a divan, in a large airy room, delightfully shaded by green blinds from the ardent sunshine of summer, the lady stepped about on the marble floor, with her high pattens of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, into which her little bare feet were slipped (without either stocking or shoe, for the sake of coolness), and gave various orders about supper to her chief slave; and then, observing an elderly man of a very mild and pleasing expression, who was quietly reading in a corner of the room, and who had been screened from her view by a curtain, she exclaimed, "Why, uncle! I did not know you were here. Excuse my neglecting to salute you. I hope you are well;" and drawing near as she spoke, she reverently kissed the hand of the old man, whose dress betokened that he was a priest. Her husband had on his first entrance saluted his venerable relation, who had immediately resumed his book after courteously replying to him, and he now did the same, but not with the air of ostentatious learning sometimes to be seen in Coptic priests, but as though he were really absorbed with the volume and its contents, and could only spare a partial attention to the things around him. He caressed one of the little children, who came to his side fearlessly, in its play about the room, but then again turned to his book. The lady, accustomed to his ways, soon returned to the subject that occupied her thoughts, and begged to look at the jewel her husband had just bought. He silently took me out of his pocket and handed me to her, but took his cigar from his mouth to say she must take care and not lose me. Evidently the fair Bamba turned the glittering gem round and round, and finally showed it, for want of any one else, apparently, to her uncle, who calmly took the ring and examined it, and said, with a rather sarcastic smile, "Have not you diamonds already, my daughter?"

"Yes; but I want this also: it is a nice one; and my cousin, who was married the same day that I was, has more than I have."

"Bamba," said the aged priest, "I am afraid your heart is set on fine clothes and diamonds. My daughter, you know it is so. Perhaps in a year or a month you may die; and then, if you have no treasure in heaven, that is, no love of God, and no pardon and peace from him, where will you be?"

"Do not frighten me so, dear uncle. I will try to be very good, and then God will forgive me for the Virgin's sake, and all the holy saints. Is not that true?" said she, seating herself at his feet, with rather an awe-struck expression in her pretty face.

"My child, I do not think so much as some do of the

saints' intercession; I believe more in the death of our Redeemer; it seems to me that is our great hope. I look to him, and I wish you would try to do so also. Do you ever think about Christ, Bamba?"

"I do sometimes, uncle, only I am busy, and then I forget. But when that stranger came last week, and sat with you in the garden so long, and talked with you, and I brought coffee, I heard a great deal of what you said; and I listened to the stories you were reading on Sunday to the children about Christ curing the sick, and many others. I love to think of how kind he was. But would he forbid me to wear jewels, do you suppose?"

"I do not know; perhaps not. But I am sure he forbids you to set your heart on them, and to sit hour after hour putting them on and off, when you might be trying to learn a little of the Gospel to teach your children. My child, if you don't learn something of God here, how can you be fit to live in heaven?"

"Read to me, dear uncle, and I will listen. But tell me one thing"—and an arch look came into her eyes as she spoke—"was that man a Protestant that visited you last week; and is not that a sort of heretic, and very bad?"

"My daughter, whatever that man was, he was not bad, nor a heretic, and he thought just as I did about many things. Some points we differed on; but the great resemblance was that he loved Christ, and so do I, poor sinner that I am."

"You a sinner, uncle! why, the people call you a saint, and say no one is so good."

"God sees the heart, Bamba, and he knows we are all sinners. But now listen to me; give back that ring to your husband, and put it out of your head. I am sure it is stolen property; and, besides, you have more than enough jewels without it. Then come and sit here for the short time that remains before it is quite dark, and I will read to you a story from my book."

One of the children, the eldest, who was a fine boy of six years old, now came up, and claimed to hear the story likewise, and was kindly taken on the knee of his venerable uncle, while Bamba restored me to her husband, and then took her place on the divan with another child on her lap.

Before long they were interrupted by the entrance of the slaves with supper, and all rose and came to sit round the little low table; but there was a sweet and calm expression on the young woman's face as she did the honours, which showed that the time had not been thrown away.

Being always inclined to reflect light, I perceived with pleasure a little ray on this family, where so much of worldliness and darkness (I mean mental darkness, of course) was found, and it seemed as though here was an example of what was said in the old time—"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."

The aged priest was still ignorant of much, and fettered by the doctrines of a corrupted and fallen church; but still he had a love for the Word of God, and made it his study (especially, it appeared, for the last year or two), and therefore the heavenly light was beginning to shine brightly in his soul.

How far his influence affected the mind and conduct of his niece I had no opportunity of judging, nor could I learn whether he was only a casual visitor or spent much of his time at her house; for the very next day I was presented to a man in authority by her husband, and an act of neglect in him was passed over in silence, instead of costing him his place; thus proving the truth of Solomon's words—"A gift blindeth the eyes."